New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials —Advertisements

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1919

Owned and published daily by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation. Ogden Reid, President; G. Verner Rogers, Vice-President; Helen Rogers Reid, Secretary; F. A. Suter, Treasurer. Address, Tribune Building, 154 Nassau Street, New York. Telephone, Beekman 3000.

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Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Mail Matter

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The Policeman's Pay

A New York policeman, selected after passing severe examination tests, gets $1,350 in his first year, $1,450 in his second year and $1,650 in his third. This represents an increase of only $250, or 15 per cent, since 1914.

Out of this compensation he must pay $200 to $300 for outfitting, and the subsequent annual cost of uniforms is about $200. If his coat is ripped in a struggle with a thug or his cap is perforated by the bullet of a highwayman he must replace it. In addition, he pays $1 a month for his bed at the station house and $1 for the blacked shoes required at inspection. A further 2 per cent of his pay is automatically stopped to go into the pension fund, and other insurance funds and dues come to about $14.50 a month. So a first year patrolman finds his compensation shrinks from $25.90 a week to $21.

For this he is on duty 10½ hours, seven days in the week, with further demands when there is special duty. Other men get $40 to $50 a week for an eight-hour day, six days in the week. For nearly double the time per week a patrolman gets about half the pay.

The condition obviously can't last if the police force is to be kept efficient. Already men are dropping out and there is report of poor stuff coming in. The city will be driven to lower standards and to accept weaklings to fill vacancies if living wages are not soon paid. Look out for graft, now practically eliminated, when the force deteriorates.

Not for the sake of the policemen, for they can get better jobs for the asking, but for the sake of the city, the Board of Estimate should hasten to lift its embargo against both the policemen and the firemen. The rank and file of both departments have shown remarkable patience, but their just claims can no longer be safely ignored.

Travel in Europe

"The greatest travel boom in history" is predicted for the year 1920 by an official of Cook's agency in London. Assuming that travel facilities will be more or less restored by next year, this expert forecasts an unprecedented migration of American and English sightseers to the battlefields of Flanders and France. For the time being, he says, the Continent of Europe is "too much upset" to receive and accommodate anything like the pre-war number of tourists; besides, passport measures and other red tape stuff are still active as a damper on wanderlust. Nevertheless, we are told, it is quite probable that already this fall Italy, in particular, will be visited by swarms of English admirers of the classic land of beauty and sunshine; and in the cold months there will be a big rush to the winter sports of Switzerland.

Needless to say, travel in Europe will never again be what it was. The times when one could go from London to Lucerne or Geneva, spend there a week and return, all for $25, fare and lodging and board and everything, are gone. Italy, Switzerland and, to a lesser extent, Scandinavia were the lands of promise for the large hosts of middle-class tourists who wanted to spend a short vacation and get their money's worth. Measured by American standards, the inexpensiveness of European sightseeing appears almost incredible. One could get, for instance, in Belgium a railroad ticket, good for one week, on all routes and in all directions, for something like two dollars. In a Swiss or Danish summer hotel, in the midst of Alpine glaciers or on the cool shores of the Baltic, one could find first-rate accommodation for the none too exorbitant sum of a dollar a day. For those preferring cities Florence, Berne, Zurich, Munich, Copenhagen, Dresden and Brussels offered the best of everything at rates which compared very favorably not only with American, but even the proportionately much lower English prices. French resorts were just a little more expensive; the German watering places on the North Sea, with the exception of two or three fashionable places like Norderney or Sylt, were ridiculously cheap. Even first-class centres like Ostend or Venice could be regarded as reasonable.

Foreign travel was the great pastime and educational opportunity of the cultured middle classes of Europe. There were no passports, except in Russia—no restrictions and inquiries, save for a customs examination, more or less perfunctory, on frontier stations. One could pass from Germany to Holland, from Switzerland to Italy with hardly more formalities than one experiences in crossing from Manhattan to Hoboken.

Pre-war prices may never return; pre-war freedom of movement will be restored very gradually. Yet there can be no doubt that, after a period of readjustment, European travel will again flourish. The war has destroyed facilities and eliminated points of contact; it has also created new interests and inducements. Probably the only country whose yearly outflow of tourists will show a decrease for some time to come will be Germany, owing, above all, to the rate of exchange. But those who have known the type of rucksack-carrying, florid-faced, heavy-booted Prussian or Saxon traveller, with his gutturals, boisterous, domineering manners and beer-drinking, will be hardly sorry for his continued absence from an Alpine sunrise or the terrace of a Palermo hostlery overlooking the azure Mediterranean.

The Fall Amendments

For some time, until the treaty is disposed of, it will be unwise to accept at face value every report coming out of Washington or to assume that any particular action, however loudly advertised, is firmly resolved on. A parliamentary struggle is on, and in a parliamentary struggle there is always jockeying to secure advantage when the final test comes. The action of the Senate committee on the Fall amendments may be considered, it would seem, with this thought in mind; strategic rather than definitive.

The President for months has manœuvred to stymie his opponents. In March he boasted he would so entangle the covenant and the treaty proper as to compel the acceptance of the one if the rejection of the other was to be avoided. This was to say the Senate was not to be allowed to enjoy its constitutional prerogatives. The Senate was, of course, compelled to accept the challenge or to consent to a disregard of the spirit of the Constitution. It set about devising ways to defeat the President's design. It has not been a pleasing business, but the Senate is able to say that the President began the game and has not desisted from effort to win a personal and a party victory without scruple as to method.

In the contest of wits the Senate thus far has outplayed the White House. It has discovered a way by which in effect the treaty and the covenant can be disarticulated, and to pass back to the President the responsibility of choosing between defeating the treaty or accepting changes.

The President several times has been seemingly on the verge of acknowledging his discomfiture by accepting the reservation principle. Perhaps he still intends so to do, but strategy forbids him to make admission until the reservations are matured and the majority of the Senate is firmly committed to a particular form of them. To cover the interim he put forward Senator Pittman with his interpretative resolutions. Thus the reservation principle was conceded and a springboard set up to vault to public acceptance of reservations as soon as the Senate majority uncovered its precise programme.

In the mean time, as the President holds back trading material, so the Senate would accumulate some. Moreover, although the Senate majority is agreed in principle, there is natural difference of opinion as to many details, and Senator Lodge sees the wisdom of giving every group its chance to exploit its ideas. Senator Fall is now having his day in court—his opportunity to convince public opinion that we should not participate in the minutiæ of European politics. But it will be noted that the Fall amendments, although striking from the treaty the provisions for our representation on various international commissions, avoid saying that the league, if established, shall not name similar commissions.

So far the Senate position has steadily grown stronger in public opinion and there has been a development of internal unity; but this has been while the policy of holding the good of the covenant and eliminating its bad has been pursued. Should it appear that the purpose was to defeat ratification altogether it is possible there would be a change of sentiment. It is plain enough that the President's chief hope of ultimately having his way is in teasing or provoking the Senate to a course that will give a chance to rally public opinion against it. But this is as manifest to the Senate leaders as to the President, and they are not likely to adopt the course he would have them pursue.

The Bulgarian Entanglement

American participation in the Bulgarian treaty, fantastic in itself, has been pushed to the fantastic extreme of imposing territorial settlements on the powers to which Bulgaria surrendered. Thus a nation which declined to fight Germany's Balkan ally and remained on terms of concord with the government of the crafty and perfidious Ferdinand is dictating a peace militating against the interests of the nations which suffered from Bulgaria's aggressions. Greece, Serbia, Italy, Great Britain and France, Bulgaria's opponents, have favored a settlement which would penalize Bulgaria by transferring Western Thrace to Greece. But the United States has interposed to protect Bulgaria by constituting another small internationalized state—another Albania—on the shore of the Ægean and granting Bulgaria special rights of access to the sea by way of the Dedeagatch Railroad. Under this arrangement only a small part of the western section of Western Thrace would go to Greece, and Bulgaria would retain a part of her conquests in the war against Turkey.

The United States has no proper concern with the relocation of Bulgaria's boundaries. Our government declined to accept any responsibility with relation to Bulgaria, when such responsibility would have involved aiding the Entente powers to detach her by force from the Teuton alliance. That decision should have precluded us from exercising any influence in the peace settlement. We had no part in the armistice terms which Bulgaria accepted and there is no assurance that the Senate will act on any Bulgarian peace treaty signed by American commissioners, since there is obviously no warrant on our part for imposing peace terms on a country with which peaceful relations have never been broken off.

The action of the American commissioners in mixing in the Bulgarian settlement is altogether illogical. It can only entangle the United States in remote and petty disputes, in which we refused to mix when they were being fought out on the battlefield. We have gone into the Balkan readjustment by the back door. It would have been wiser to open that door. And having gone into the Bulgarian settlement, how can we keep out of the Turkish settlement, which, again, does not concern us directly and which we maintained did not concern us while the war was on?

Mr. Swann's Tiresome Job

District Attorney Swann is quoted as saying it was "peculiar" that the milk distributers charge the same prices to consumers. The mystery is akin to the one of why several thousand milk producers month by month charge identical prices.

The District Attorney is a seasoned milk investigator. He has investigated and investigated and investigated, to the advantage of no milk buyer. The successive failures were because the inquiries ran up the blind alley of alleged conspiracy. Every man, woman and intelligent child in the state knows about and consents to common prices. Why waste money finding out that which is already known? What the public seeks is not varying prices, but low prices, and experience has shown that an imaginary competition is of no use. It is not of good omen that Mr. Swann seems to have in mind merely another trust investigation, something that promises no cheaper food for the babies.

The dairymen have agreed on prices What it costs to bring the milk to the city is equally well known. The books of the milk companies show factory and delivery costs, etc. Is the margin left to the milk companies wide? They say it is not—that it is only three-eighths to one-half a cent a quart Is this the truth?

If the margin of profit is small, lower prices can be secured by lowering what the producer gets or by cheaper distributing methods. Are the companies inefficient? Can any agency do their work more cheaply? Here is something worth finding out. But Mr. Swann shows little interest in this.

Hearst has been trying to make trouble for Governor Smith because he would not obey orders, and milk prices seemed to furnish a club with which to pound the Governor. Mr. Swann is apparently dutifully wielding it. But the District Attorney must feel weary as he trots around a track he has circled before without arriving anywhere. To keep on the good side of Hearst involves labors of a disagreeable character, and it would be unkind not to be sympathetic toward the District Attorney.

We must realize that the wastes of war can be made good only by hard work, and not by soft money. With the abandonment of soft money the soft ways of making money must also be abandoned.—*Professor J. S. Nicholson.*

Mr. Moffett's Landlord

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In view of the publicity given to Cleveland Moffett's claim of profiteering on house, 153 East Fifty-sixth Street, will you allow the writer, in justice to the owners of this estate, to present the actual facts?

The house was rented to Mr. Moffett at a very low figure, viz., $1,500, because he was to make certain improvements to the house. The actual rent of this house in normal times is $2,200. At the termination of Mr. Moffett's lease $2,600 was asked, an increase of 18 per cent above the actual rental value of the house (not 75 per cent, as claimed by Mr. Moffett). The rental asked was subject to negotiation, as is usual, and Mr. Moffett, declining to negotiate, took the matter up with the Mayor's committee. At this hearing the writer offered to give Mr. Moffett a lease at $2,400, an increase of but 9 per cent. This was refused. Finally a lease of $2,200 was tendered; this was also refused, which shows the arbitrary and unreasonable attitude taken by Mr. Moffett. In proof of this and as showing the present value of this house, the writer has offers from two different parties ready to lease the house for three years at $2,500 per year.

C. WALTER CUSHIER.

New York, Aug. 23, 1919.

Winds

(From Harper's Monthly)

Some winds, like robins, nest in trees,
And some, like meadow larks, in grasses;
While others cling to flowers, like bees.
The gales that sweep the salt morasses,
Like petrels, brood on stormy seas;
And eagle-winds, as wild as these,
Their eyries make on beetling masses
Of crag in rugged mountain passes.
But wiser is the nestling breeze—
The laughing, elfin breeze, that furls
Its fragrant wings among your curls!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

But Why?

(From The Portland Press)

There are plenty of countries which are willing to vote the Kaiser guilty, but they are all a bit shy of having the doubtful honor of trying him.

The Conning Tower

Psychoanalyzed; or, The Erotic Motive in Contribbing

Love is a day of golden beams,
(The infantile worship of the sun.)
Love, the aroma of fragrant dreams,
(An analyst, here, may read and run.)
Love is the tranquil goal of fears,
(A transference from a near relation.)
Love is the haven of weary tears,
(The Electra, or Œdipus, constellation.)

Here, in the soft light of your charms,
(In Psychoanalysis, *light* is a symbol),
Here, in the refuge of your arms,
(The libido seems to be getting nimble.)
Love is enchantment, Love is true,
Love is all, and Love is You.
And it's just as well that Love's song is sung
Before a perusal of Freud or Jung!

R. N. S.

Striking for their altars and their fires, home and their native land, is one thing; but most of the current striking appears to be done for exercise.

It occurs to us that Labor is more unfair and more dictatorial than Capital used to be, and that it is understandable why this is so; and that Labor, soused with power and dizzy with the anticipation of more power, is likely to have a long and depressing hangover.

It's a Small World, as They Say

Sir: At one time it was the matinee idol actor. Now it seems to be the idle matinee actor.

J. C. B.

If you miss the theatre acutely, try reading a play or two. All of Shaw, Gilbert and Barrie might take some of the dulness out of the lengthening evenings. The stage directions in a Barrie play alone—"The Twelve Pound Look" we are thinking of especially—may compensate you for the pain of not seeing "Up in Mabel's Room" or plays to that effect.

A Study in Eugenics

My grandfather lived to be ninety-two.
At eighty-five he felled the giant oak that stood near the gate in the south meadow.
One summer during court week he went to town and stopped a runaway horse with his fist in front of Sutter's Racket Store.
Now and then he sipped a hot toddy before breakfast. He chewed Gravely and Miller's Best since the age of twelve and passed away smoking uncured leaf in his pipe.
His boy Henry could hold a barrel of flour out straight.
He played fullback at Missouri State.
And won two silver cups for standing jumps.
I am Henry's son.
Yesterday I watched a man washing a window on the thirtieth floor of the Woolworth Building.
And went home fainting in a taxicab.

O. O. M.

Things even up, as some one with a gift for condensation has observed. We can't, for the life of us, keep our mind this week on anything but the games at Forest Hills; and Monday afternoon, while Mr. Patterson was defeating Mr. Alexander in an exciting match, Mr. Norman Brookes sat on the clubhouse porch reading the Melbourne Argus.

THE DIARY OF OUR OWN SAMUEL PEPYS

August 26—Early up, and to the office, where all morning, and thence with Mistress Kate to Forest Hills, and saw M. McLoughlin, who tells me he is lonely for his wife and his child; and Willie Johnston I saw, too, and many others; and I marvelled at the game played by G. Patterson, which I think far better than he is credited with. To my office again, and did my stint, and thence to a dinner of the Umpires, where were E. Conlin and a great crowd, very merry and lyrical, and thence to call for my wife, and drove her home at midnight.

27—At the office early, and finished my stint by noon; thence to Forest Hills again. The play-actors continue striking, and I could not but think how it must irk them, and the managers, too, to see how the solar system keeps in place despite their defection. Irritated at the proofreaders, who, although not striking, will alter my spelling of "The Young Visiters" to "The Young Visitors," albeit I did write it "The Young Visiters," and not "The Young Visitors."

The Theory of the Leisure Class

[From the Brooklyn Eagle]

YOUNG woman wishes position as houseworker; no washing, ironing, cooking, cleaning or other hard work. Call or write, 91 Herkimer St.

Sisyphus; or, You Can't Win

If he wears a decoration, every one asks him how he won it. If he doesn't wear a decoration, every one asks why he didn't win one.

If he says he likes French girls, he is untrue to American girls. If he says he doesn't like French girls, every one says he is concealing something.

If he kicks about the government, he is ungrateful. If he praises the government, he is looking for a soft job.

If he says the Germans fought bravely, he is a traitor. If he says the Germans were cowards, he gets no credit for beating them.

If he is promoted, it is a sign that he's a "handshaker." If he is not promoted, he is not ambitious.

If he grumbles about his treatment in the army, nobody listens to him. If he praises army life, nobody believes him.

WILL LOUP.

" . . . he turned his back to the fire . . . and stared at the embers."—From "River Law," in Adventure.

More or less contortionist, suggests H. L. V. C.

The Life of the Vermont Bee

Ern Roberts's bees swarmed here to-day, demanding a 44-hour week, time and a half for overtime, and a raise of clover and buckwheat. The fly-out caused a shut-down in twenty-six hives. No violence is yet reported, but the bees seem determined. Folks here are backing-up the bees, but cautiously. ORSON LOWELL.

Dorset Hollow, Vermont.

The dancing masters, in convention assembled, have given out directions for dancing the Internationale, but it is not, as on first thought, a dance for Internationalists.

That dance would begin: "Take both feet off the ground and keep them there."

F. P. A.

Telephone Traffic

THE New York Telephone Company by way of catching up with a million excess calls daily is spending money for construction at the rate of a million dollars a month. The cost of its programme will be $26,000,000. It includes:

Six new central offices, two each in Manhattan, Brooklyn and The Bronx.

Additions to five other central office buildings.

Five complete new switchboards, four in Manhattan and one in Queens.

Additions to thirteen other switchboards.

The laying of 255,966 miles of wire—enough to go ten times around the earth.

* * *

The complexity of a telephone system is almost beyond comprehension to a layman. Each telephone wire running into central is triple—that is, there are three wires for your phone, and there are 10,000 'phones—30,000 wires—for each central. Each of those sets of wires must be connected not only with the hole into which central will put a connecting plug when you call up, but with the little light on her desk that will tell her when you call. But this is only the start. Any one girl is likely to be overloaded, so the switchboards are arranged in banks, or teams of nine, and on the modern board there are enough cross wires so that your call will not only register for your own operator but for all the other eight, will show a light and will have a plug hole so that she can take care of you. All this just to get the call to central.

* * *

To get it out there are more complications. First is to reach the other central for which the call has been made. There are eighty-eight centrals in New York now, and the girl who handles your call is connected by "trunks" with each of the eighty-eight. So few New York calls are made inside the same central—never more than twenty in a hundred and sometimes as low as two in a hundred—that the girl who receives the call never plugs you through to your number, but relays the call over the "trunk wire" even inside her own central.

To do this her hand moves to the left of her desk, where there is a machine like a typewriter keyboard, with a key for each of the other centrals. While she is repeating your number to you the operator is already pressing a key to the central you have asked for, and that key switches in a kind of a private wire to the other central. Over that private wire your central gives the number to the other central and the other central gives back a mystic number, which tells your girl which "trunk" to plug your call in on.

While she is doing this the distant central has already plugged in your number and connected it with the trunk she has designated, so that when your girl plugs in on that trunk your connection is completed. Then a machine starts ringing the bell, and neither girl has anything to do with it till the ringing has gone on for five minutes, when a signal will show that the 'phone does not answer. If the 'phone is answered a second little lamp lights on both desks, and stays lit till the 'phones (or one of them) are hung up.

* * *

Come back a minute to the "A" desk, as it is called, where the incoming calls are handled. To make her connections with the other centrals the "A" operator has to have trunk lines running to each—a varying number of trunks depending on the amount of business that passes between the two centrals. A Cortlandt operator, for instance, will have thirty trunks to Rector, a dozen to Plaza, but only two or three to Kenmore. And these trunks must be connected with each of the "A" boards in the central. There are ninety such boards in Cortlandt—each with its incoming wires, its cross connections with the other boards in the team, and the cross connected trunk lines—a wilderness of wire multiplied by ninety. And this is only for the first part of the call.

Go now to the "B" board, which handles the outgoing calls. The operator here never takes a number from a subscriber, but gets her work over the trunks from heaven knows how many centrals. Before her, in addition to the incoming trunks, is a great board to which are connected all the outgoing wires—three for each of the ten thousand 'phones in that central—for she must be able to finish any connection asked for. That means 30,000 wires for each board, besides the trunk, each with its little lamp connections. And again there are ninety boards—so there are 2,700,000 wires, not counting trunks, that start out from that "B" board.

* * *

One of the delicate little pieces of apparatus that has to stand an immense amount of work is the plug cable. This is about ten feet long, and at each end are the little copper, brass and nickel plugs that make the connection. The cable is about as big as a pencil, and the plug tapers down from that to the size of the lead. Every time a plug goes in it has to make three connections, one for the signals and two to talk over. The cable that connects them also has to carry three wires, and it has to be as flexible as a piece of string, for it is drawn out of its home under the desk, twisted about, and dropped back hundreds of times a day. Modern invention has not yet made a plug cable that can be depended on for a minute. Every one in the city is tested daily, but it may break within a minute after the test. They all have to be replaced every three months, and may fail the minute they are put in.

One more little detail—when a switchboard is busy there is a perfect network of plug cables webbing across the switchboard in front of the girl, sometimes as many as thirty. Each plugged in at both ends—making sixty strands. To help her find the one she wants the cables are alternately colored red, green and gray—probably white originally, and the little signal lamps are similarly colored, so that when a green light shows the girl should follow the corresponding green cord, and take that down.

* * *

The manipulating of these plug cables has to be done with almost incredible swiftness. On the average, a girl will put up a connection every 33.2 seconds. Errors are bound to occur. The best the company has ever been able to do was to hold the number down to 3.5 per cent—seven in two hundred. Now it is 60 per cent more—twelve in two hundred.

Here are some of the causes for mistakes:

Wrong Number—Half of these are the fault of the subscriber. When the mistake is made by the operator it is never by the "A" girl who took the call—you can hear her repeat the number over the trunk—but by the "B" girl, who has picked the wrong plug out of the 10,000 within arm's reach. "A" can fix it for you, but it is not her fault.

Wrong Central—This is "A" girl's fault. She has pressed the wrong button out of the eighty-eight on her relay multiple.

Busy back (when the line is not busy)—This again is usually "B" girl's fault for picking a wrong plug, and the operator you get is not to blame. But it sometimes happens that all the trunk lines to the central you called are in use and you get a "busy-back" even before ever reaching that central.

Don't Answer—This again is "B" girl's fault for picking the wrong plug.

Out of Order—The same.

Broken Connection—This may be the fault of either girl. She gets a light showing that a green line has finished talking and pulls a green corded plug out. But there may be half a dozen green cords in use and sometimes in the welter of crosswires she makes a mistake. Also sometimes in pulling one plug another is caught in the tangle and pulled by accident.

Delay in Take Downs—When a board is overloaded it often happens that calls are coming in so fast that for several minutes the girl will have not a second to spare and so may not take down the connection you have been using. The rule is that waiting calls shall be made before the old connections are broken.

Of course, the higher the speed the greater the number of errors. When the city suddenly gets nervous about something and is phoning about for news, as in the case of a big fire or explosion, or the signing of peace, the service gets overloaded and becomes worse.

"Apostles of Liberty"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: An editorial in your estimable paper has brought out several letters relating to the "last survivors of the Revolution." The following may assist those interested in finding the distinguished "last survivors." In March, 1864, a committee on Revolutionary pensions was appointed by Congress. They reported there were then twelve still living. Congress unanimously adopted a resolution of thanks and a sum of money to the "Twelve Apostles of Liberty," a copy of which was sent to each.

The following are their names, birthplaces and age—no doubt as near accurate as was possible to be obtained.

Apostles of Liberty:

Amaziah Goodwin, Summersworth, N. H., 105; John Goodnow, Sudbury, Mass., 102; Adam Link, Washington County, Penn., 102; Rev. Daniel Waldo, Windham, Conn., 101; William Hutchings, York, Me., 103; James Burham, Southampton County, Va., 99; Benjamin Miller, Springfield, Mass., 100; John Pettingill, Windham, Mass., 97; Alexander Maroney, Lake George, N. Y., 94; Samuel Downing, 2d New Hampshire Regiment, no age given; Lemuel Cook and James Gales, no birthplace or age given.

ABRAM WAKEMAN.

New York, Aug. 20, 1919.

Skyscraper Voices

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: A great many parades of our returning soldiers have taken place. All have been on a line of march above the Washington Arch. The thousands of workers in the skyscrapers in lower New York could not witness them nor help to welcome them. But now it is said that our General Pershing is about to come to our city and will parade with the troops, and we in the lower part of the city are wondering if we will be able to see him and join in the royal welcome he deserves. Cannot you help us to get a chance to see and welcome him by advocating a march through the skyscrapers, from whose windows countless thousands will cheer our hero?

Do you remember the great ovation to Marshal Joffre as he went up Broadway? Have you forgotten the war welcome to Teddy Roosevelt as he passed the thousands in the lower section of the city on his return from Africa?

If you can, Mr. Editor, get us a chance to view our hero. Yours,

BATTERY WORKERS.

New York, Aug. 25, 1919.

Let Us Keep Cool

(From The Scrantonian)

There is a lot of meat in a paragraph by a neighboring joker who says: "There isn't a darned thing the matter with this country except nerves." He might have added "and wind." The sentance would then have been complete. The nerves of the country are certainly being tortured by the noise made by the human calliopes of unrest, the calamity howlers, the amateur Bolshevists and the unclassified disturbers who toil not, neither do they spin, but live on the fat of the land and continually scream because the land is not fatter.

Never in the history of the United States has there been such universal prosperity as there is to-day for the merchant, the manufacturer, the workingman and the professional man.

Never in the history of the world have the common people been blessed with the luxuries that they are enjoying to-day.

Yet, in spite of the blessings which are ours for the grasping, what do we see? Unrest, disorder and all-around dissatisfaction. Inflamed by the prophets of evil, we are passing up the joys of life to work ourselves into frenzy over some fancied wrong or thought that the other fellow is getting a larger share of the enjoyments than we can realize.

Is it not time that the people of the United States cooled down and began to look themselves over? Why not keep cool, use common sense and grasp the opportunities that are before us to-day?

Bolshevik Help

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The answers to the letter of "Tired Mother" show the growth of Bolshevik sentiment in our midst. It is not surprising that the gentleman with the German name should consider it right and proper that his wife (poor woman!) should not only bear many children, but should scrub, bake, wash and iron as well. But does this gentleman conduct his business without clerks, stenographers or office boy? And if so, on what scale is it done?

A "Tenement House Mother" rebukes a woman (who no doubt has the American idea that a tenement may do to land in but not to remain in) because she criticises the present exactions of untrained domestic servants. She calls attention to the sufferings of Belgian and French women during the war as a reason why "Tired Mothers" should continue uncomplainingly to pay enormous wages for incompetent service. This is the point of view which has done so much to ruin our domestic service and, incidentally, home life. Every one in this world must work with either head or hands, and each of us should and must do that for which capacity and training best fit him or her. It is only in Bolshevik Russia that equality of function is fully established as the lady from the tenements desires. Neither George Washington, Thomas Jefferson nor Theodore Roosevelt preached any doctrine of that kind. It comes straight from Lenine and Trotzky.

It is true that French and Belgian women have endured everything during the war for the love of their country, but, believe me, the housewives of France and Belgium are far too good domestic economists to pay such wages as are paid here for incompetent service.

The Teutonic gentleman and the tenement house lady are illogical as égalitarians are apt to be. There is nothing very American in a man making a beast of burden of his wife by refusing to lighten her load. That is a Boche standpoint. Nor is it American to remain long a dweller in tenements. America offers opportunity.

As to whether one prefers to spend one's surplus in securing leisure for other tastes by employing servants or whether one spends it on "movies," Ford cars, extravagant dress or any other way is a question that true liberalism will leave to individual decision. Somebody cooks the gentleman's breakfast. Why is a cook regarded with such contempt in America? In France she is highly respected, for she knows her trade and earns her salary. What is the meaning of this "stigma" on domestic service to which Miss Carpenter so often and so feelingly refers? And who put it there? Like Togo, "I ask to know."

JULIA T. WATERMAN.

Bay Head, N. J., Aug. 25, 1919.

Dabbling Interferes

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I want to express to you my satisfaction on seeing so many letters in a recent issue of The Tribune on the servant problem. Will not The Tribune try to do something to help the housekeepers of greater New York in this difficult situation?

The backbone of a nation is its homes, but how can the homes be maintained (except those of the most simple order) without help? Blessed the woman these days who never has had domestic help—but she does not realize her blessings!

It is up to the women to solve this serious problem, but instead of tackling it through their clubs and organizations, they dabble in everything else, from Bernard Shaw to Esquimau theology, and leave this problem, which is essentially theirs, for bridge, gossip and the edification of their tired husbands.

Where are all the clever clubwomen that they cannot show us the way? Who will help standardize the work of the home? Who will get a law passed protecting us from the incompetent demanding the same wages as the competent? Who will show us, when the supply is low and the demand high, how to make the work more attractive? Who will establish schools to train girls and lecture to employers, giving them the plain talk they need and which employment agencies cannot give them as clients? Are children to be brought up in hotels and boarding houses because mothers cannot cope with the situation? Among my friends cooks and laundresses are getting $30; waitresses and chambermaids, $50. Ought we pay more or ought we to insist on not paying as much?

The part time, paid by the hour, no board and lodging arrangement seems to me absolutely impracticable. With more than two servants one would have to employ a timekeeper and watchman.

Won't some really clever person tell us what to do and how to do it, and won't The Tribune give us all the space it can?

A HOME MAKER.

Far Rockaway, N. Y., Aug. 22, 1919.

A Solution

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Anent the servant question. For years I have believed that I know the only lasting and reasonable solution, and several of my maids have agreed with me.

It is to remove the stigma from domestic work and make it desirable. This evidently can be done.

Not so very long ago any old woman would do to go and "nurse" the "sick"—Dickens tells of them—they would taste the invalid's broth and put the spoon back. But now nursing is a profession; and education for it is demanded.

In Norway, I met a rosy-cheeked young cook, who was as proud of her diploma and profession and pastry as any nurse need be of her work.

There must be plenty of ladies' teachers, domestic science educators, etc., who could start a school and convince girls that housework is not a disgrace.

This is an evident truth—but people need to be told the truth.

My own servants and some young women who work in factories, have told me that the reason girls will not do housework is because of the debased social standing it gives them.

If they all went to school and took training, as the girls do for nursing, they would have a platform of their own and not nearly such hard work as nurses—nor as disagreeable.

M. E. R.

New Rochelle, N. Y., Aug. 23, 1919.

Even Yet

(From The Toledo Blade)

Jazz is a trombone on a drunk.